

Memorial

by loki2

Category: Animorphs

Genre: Drama

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-02-04 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-02-04 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 12:59:44

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 650

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: The war is long since over, and Jake tells his story.

Memorial

> <meta name="Author"> Memorial

> It's a beautiful park. The tree was beautiful too. It was planted when the war finished, that's what my great grandpa Jake says. <p>"I remember that day perfectly." He told me. "All of us stood in a line-" "even the andalites?" I interrupted, "yep, all of us, what was left of us anyway." His eyes grew damp, but he quickly rubbed the tears away, "it's this sun." He said, "too bright for my old eyes." <p>

"There was no park there in those days." "Really grandpa Jake?" I asked, I didn't believe him. "Nope, there was a barn." I was curious, "who's barn?" "That doesn't matter." He sat, lost in thought for a moment, then he continued. "Anyway, we old stood in front of the barn waiting, then two nurses, one of them was your great grandma Cassie, wheeled the tree out in a wheelbarrow."

"What happened then grandpa Jake?" He scratched his gristly beard. "Some of us boys got out shovels and dug a hole," "who did?" Well, there was me, me best mate Marco, and your great uncle Tobias." "Were are they now?" "Eh? Oh, Marco died in his sleep a few years later, and Tobias, well he was always dead in a way, after Rachel..." "I cocked my head, "what do you mean grandpa Jake?" "That doesn't matter."

"Then Ax," "you mean War prince Aximilli was there?" He nodded, "yep." "Wow." "Anyway, Ax picks up the tree, he dropped it a few times, you know how weak Andalite arms are," "not anymore grandpa Jake," "eh?" "Andalite arms aren't weak anymore," "oh. Well, they were then. So, he gets the tree, and finally gets it in the hole. And then we start shoveling the dirt back in."

"Were you crying grandpa Jake?" "Nah, I never cry." "What happened then?" "Then Eric-" "who's Eric?" "Eh? I didn't say Eric, I said a chee." "No, you said Eric," "get your ears checked." "What'd the chee do?" "He got a plaque, it was a heavy thing, and put it at the bottom of the tree. It's still there now." "Then what?" "Eh? We all went home." "What happened to the barn grandpa Jake." "It burned down." "How?" "That's doesn't matter."

I took his wrinkled hand, "come on, let's go look at the plaque." "Oh ok." He followed me, leaning on his walking stick. The plaque had once been silver, but it was now rusted. I knelt down and began to read, "this tree is dedicated to Prince Aximilli and his faithful allies. Cassie, Marco, Rachel, Tobias and Jake." I paused, "hey, was that you grandpa Jake?" He laughed sadly, "no, those were popular names back then. No, there all dead now." "Not all," I pointed, "it says that there all dead but Jake." "No he's dead. After the war they all died inside. 'Sept for Rachel."

"What do you mean 'sept for Rachel?" "She never made it out of the war." "Oh." Grandpa Jake gave me a quick hug, "you remember this ok?" I nodded, "'cause this tree won't last for ever. And I won't either." "What do you mean grandpa Jake?" "You tell this story to your kids ok? And they'll tell it to there kids. And the memory will never die." With that, grandpa Jake stood up and limped away, leaving me confused.

I understand what he meant now. And he was right, grandpa Jake didn't leave forever, neither did the tree. Neither will I for that matter, but the memory, that will never die.

>

>

> <p>

> <p>

End
file.